

The Mirror

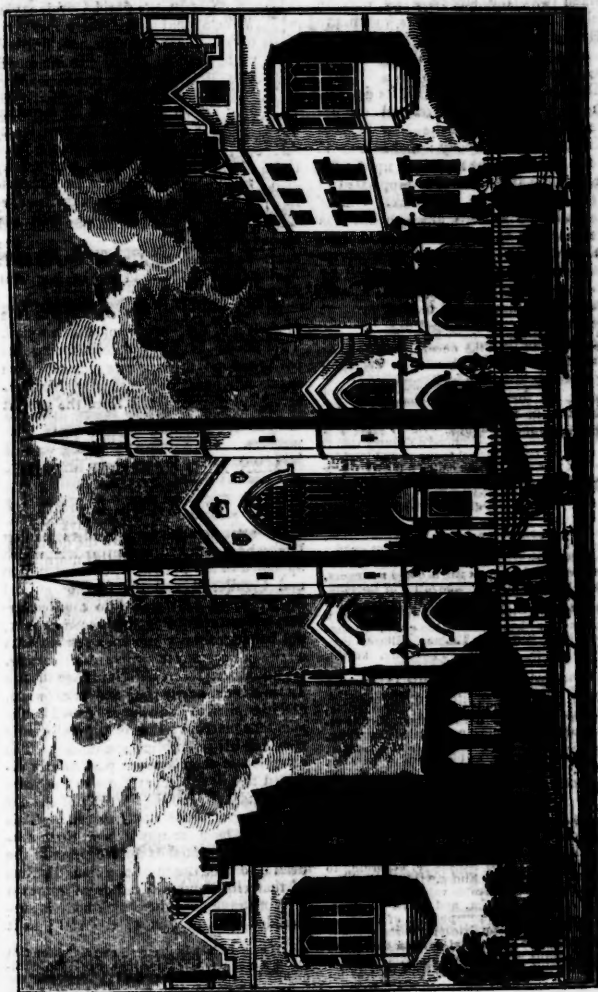
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 309.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1828.

[Price 2d.]



CHURCH AND HOSPITAL OF ST. KATHERINE, REGENT'S PARK.

IN vol. VI. of the MIRROR, the reader will find a view of the Collegiate church of St. Katherine, by the Tower, and in the subjoined note by Stowe and Pennant is an outline of the History of the Hospital.* The church was one of the most interesting structures of the metropolis, but so deformed were its original beauties by incongruous repairs, and so hemmed in was the structure by obscure dwellings, that St. Katherine's was chiefly celebrated in antiquarian history, and among the residents of its immediate neighbourhood.

Towards the close of 1825, its demolition was, however, determined on between the chapter and the New St. Katherine's Dock Company; and in a short time "not one stone remained upon another," whilst the site was appropriated to the formation of the new dock. One of the conditions of this arrangement was the rebuilding of the hospital and church, in the Regent's Park, so that whatever the lovers of antiquity may have lost by

* "This hospital, (says Stowe,) was founded by Matilda, the queen, wife to King Stephen, by license of the Prior and consent of the Holy Trinity, in London, on whose ground shee founded it. Elinor the queen, wife to King Edward the First, a second foundress, appointed to be there, one master, three brethren chaplains, and three sisters, ten poor women, and six poor clerks: shee gave to them the manor of Charlton, in Wiltshire, and Upchurch, in Kent, &c. Queen Philippa, wife to King Edward the Third, 1351, founded a chantry there, and gave to that hospital tenne pound land by yeare; it was of late time called a free chappell, a college, and an hospital for poore sisters. The quire which (of late years) was not much inferior to St. Paul's, was dissolved by Doctor Wilson, a late master there; the brethren and sisters remaining. The house was valued at 315*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.* being now of late yeeres inclosed about or pestered with small tenements, and homely cottages, having inhabitants English and strangers, more in number than in some cities in England. There lye buried in this church, the Countesse of Huntingdon, 1447, and his two wives, in a faire tombe on the north side the quire. Thomas Walsingham, Esq. and Thomas Ballard, Esq. by him, 1465. Thomas Flemming, knight, 1466," &c.

Pennant further says, "A little to the south of East Smithfield, is the Hospital of St. Katherine's, originally founded in 1148, by Matilda, of Boulogne, wife of King Stephen, for the repose of her son, Baldwin, and her daughter, Matilda; and for the maintenance of a master, brothers, and sisters, and other poor persons. In 1273, Elinor, widow of Henry, possessed herself of it, dissolved the old foundation, re-founded it in honour of the same saint, for a master, three brethren chaplains, three sisters, ten Bedes-women, and six poor scholars. Queen Philippa, wife of Edward the Third, was a great benefactress to this hospital; and to this day it remains under queenly patronage, according to the pious re-foundress, Elinor." The mastership is a sinecure of considerable value. In this hospital, is a house for him, and all its members. The reader will find the disposition of them, in the plan printed by Mr. Nichols, in the account of St. Katherine's Hospital and its Collegiate Church; a work of that able antiquary, the late Andrew Coltee Ducarel, L. L. D. who was interred in the church. P. T. W.

the destruction of the old fabric, the chapter have been gainers in salubrity of situation.

The new church and hospital are at a short distance from the East Gate of the Park, represented in our No. 306; and the present engraving is the gable end of the church, together with the hopes of the chaplains and sisters, cloisters, &c. The church is in the florid Gothic style, with two octagonal towers, the upper divisions of which are panelled, and finished with pinnacles; at the angles are small buttresses finished in a corresponding style. Above the central window, (the tracery of which is very beautiful,) are the royal arms, and those of the collegiate, and on the dwellings of the chaplains those of the collegiate are repeated, encircled with the motto "*Elianora fundavit*,"—with the royal arms to correspond. There are also two lodges, not included in our engraving, bearing portions of the same arms, encircled with "*Fundavit Mathilda, 1548*"—and "*In hoc situ restit, 1828*."

In the centre of the court-yard is a conduit for the supply of the hospital. The whole is immediately facing the park-road, on the opposite side of which stands the house of the master, Sir Herbert Taylor, which will form the subject of our next illustration.

MEN AND CANDLES.—ADIPOCERE.*

(For the Mirror.)

THE attention of your readers having lately been excited by an article which appeared in the MIRROR, entitled "*Men and Candles*;" and the fact of animal matter being converted into a substance very much resembling spermaceti or wax, not being generally known, a few remarks on the subject may not prove uninteresting.

The term *adipocere* is derived from two Latin words, *adepe* (fat) and *cera* (wax), and is applied to a substance formed by the spontaneous conversion of animal matter considerably resembling spermaceti. The attention of chemists was particularly directed to this subject at Paris in the years 1786 and 1787, on the opening of the old burying-ground of the *Innocens*. This place had been for upwards of three centuries appropriated to the reception of the dead of one of the most populous districts of that city, and differed from common burying-grounds, where each body is surrounded by a portion of the soil; as it

* We have already inserted one article on this curious subject, which is, in our opinion, sufficiently interesting to render the details of the present correspondent acceptable to our readers.

contained several large pits, (*fosse communes*,) which were cavities of thirty feet deep, with an area of twenty feet square, appropriated to the reception of the poor, in which the shells, containing the bodies, were placed in very close rows, without any intermediate earth. Each of these repositories contained between one thousand and fifteen hundred coffins, which might be considered as one entire mass of human bodies, separated only by two planks about half an inch thick. When one of these common graves was filled, which generally required about three years, a covering of earth, not more than a foot thick, was laid upon it, and another excavation of the same sort was made at some distance. Graves were again opened on the same spot after an interval of not less than fifteen years, nor more than thirty; but experience had taught those persons employed in digging, that this time was not sufficient for the entire destruction of the bodies.

The first pit that was opened had been closed for fifteen years, and was examined in the presence of the celebrated chemist, M. M. Fourcroy. On opening some of the coffins, for the wood was quite sound, and only tinged with a yellow colour, the bodies were observed at the bottom, leaving a considerable space between their surface and the cover, and flattened; the linen which covered them adhered firmly, and upon being removed, exhibited nothing but irregular masses of a soft matter, of a gray-white colour, apparently intermediate between fat and wax; the bones were enveloped in this substance, which were very brittle, and broke on any sudden pressure. This adipose matter yielded to the touch, and became soft when rubbed for a time between the fingers.

The bodies thus changed emitted no very offensive smell. In some the alteration had as yet only partially taken place, the remains of muscular fibres being still visible; but where the conversion had been complete, the bones throughout the whole body were found covered with this gray substance, generally soft, sometimes dry, but always readily separating into porous, cavernous fragments, without the slightest trace of muscles, membranes, vessels, tendons, or nerves; the ligaments of the articulations had been in like manner changed, the connexion between the bones was destroyed, and these last had become so yielding, that the grave-diggers, in order to remove the bodies more conveniently, rolled each upon itself from head to heels, without any difficulty. The whole contents of the abdominal cavity were wanting, and the muscles and integuments, converted as above men-

tioned, lay flat on the vertebral column; in like manner the heart and other viscera of the thorax were dissolved, nothing being left but a white matter. The glandular part of the breast in the female corpses was converted into a fatty matter, of a pure white colour, and very homogeneous; the hair appeared to have undergone no alteration. The cranium always contained the brain, contracted in bulk, blackish at the surface, and having experienced the same change as the other organs. In bodies which had been buried from three to five years, this substance was soft, and contained a great quantity of water; in other subjects, where the cavities had been closed from thirty to forty years, this matter was drier, more brittle, and in denser flakes, and where the surrounding earth had been drier than usual, it was semitransparent, of a granulated texture, brittle, and bore a considerable resemblance to wax.

Your limits will not allow me at present to enter upon the chemical properties of this singular substance; but I refer those of your readers who would wish to inquire more fully into the subject, to the early volumes of the *Annales de Chimie*, where they will find the interesting experiments of M. M. Fourcroy; the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1794, and also for 1813, in which latter volume is a most interesting paper on the subject by Sir E. Home and Mr. Brande, in which many curious facts are adduced to prove that *adipocere* is formed by an incipient and incomplete putrefaction.—Mary Howard, aged 44, died on the 12th of May, 1790, and was buried in a grave ten feet deep, at the east end of Shoreditch churchyard, ten feet to the east of the great common sewer, which runs from north to south, and has always a current of water in it, the usual level of which is eight feet below the level of the ground, and two feet above the level of the coffins in the graves. In August, 1811, the body was taken up, with some others buried near it, for the purpose of building a vault, and the flesh of all of them was converted into *adipocere*, or spermaceti. At the full and new moon the tide raises water into the graves, which at other times are dry. From some experiments of Dr. Gibbes, of Oxford, it appears that pieces of lean beef, enclosed in a perforated box, and placed in a running stream, will be converted into this fatty mass at the end of a month.

S. I. B.

OF THE SANHEDRIM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Sanhedrim was the Supreme council of the Jewish nation. On the period of

its establishment there is a diversity of opinion among learned men; some being of opinion that it was first elected by Pharaoh in Egypt, B. C. 1577; others, that it was elected by Moses, while in the wilderness, B. C. 1491; and, lastly, by some it is not supposed to have existed till the time of the Maccabees, B. C. 146.

The arguments which have been offered upon this subject are all replete with conjectures and suppositions; with some few proofs, though none sufficiently explicit to determine in which of the three eras it was established. Yet each writer conceives his own the most probable period of its foundation; each anxious to strengthen his own argument by showing the invalidity of the others. Not one of these learned scribblers has permitted a single text to escape his notice, wherein the slightest shadow of an argument in his favour could be traced. Indeed, this subject did not escape the torture of the early Theologians, who sometimes handled it with an acrimony, which neither the nature of the subject nor the love of truth could in the slightest degree justify. But what said the noblest of all Roman orators and statesmen?—*Verbi controversia torquet homines*—the truth of which is proved in the sequel.

When Jacob came to dwell in the land of Egypt, his family consisted of three score and ten: two hundred years after, it had increased to 600,000. This mighty increase did not tend a little to alarm that Pharaoh which knew not Joseph; and more especially as the Arabs, Pharaoh's most inveterate enemies, were inhabiting a country contiguous to Goshen. This induced Pharaoh to have recourse to various schemes in order to check their rapid increase, but they were of no avail; for the more he afflicted them the more they multiplied.

After the death of this Pharaoh, another ascended the throne, and by him the Israelites were placed in bondage, to prevent a collision between them and the Arabs. Then came Moses and the elders of Israel (mark the words) and pleaded the cause of the Israelites before Pharaoh—the rest is well known. Now Grotius is of opinion, that elders of Israel here, as in subsequent parts of the Bible, were a council of the senior men, which was elected by Pharaoh to manage and regulate the affairs of their countrymen; but acting directly under the authority of the Egyptian king. This certainly is probable, for here we find two very jealous nations coming in contact with each other—the Egyptians deeming it an abomination even to eat at the same table

with the Israelites; and the Israelites as strict in the worship of the true God as the Egyptians were in that of cats, dogs, and crocodiles. So that by means of this senate or council, comparatively speaking, but few of the Egyptians were necessitated to mingle with the Israelites.

After Israel's freedom from bondage, and entrance into the wilderness under the conduct of Moses, their leader soon discovered that the task of governing so vast a multitude, was more than one man could perform. Directions were then given to him to select seventy of the senior men, and to invest them with authority to judge all minor cases; himself, Joshua, Gideon, or Jephthah, passing their opinions in all matters involving any difficulties. By this means was Moses enabled to conduct this murmuring tribe from country to country for nearly forty years; and undoubtedly they were governed by the same council many years after their arrival in Canaan; and when no judge was appointed by divine authority, this council judged in cases of the greatest importance and difficulty. (Deut. xviii. 8, 13.) But when kings took in hand the reins of government, they were extremely jealous of the supreme authority of this council; by them its authority was greatly diminished; and after the lapse of a few reigns, it became almost obsolete. King Jehoshaphat restored it to its ancient dignity; but after his death, its authority was varied, according as the kings were more or less fond of absolute government. Owing to the Jews' tenacity of their laws, they did not entirely lose sight of this council even during their captivity. (*Hist. of Susannah*, v. 41, 50.) By Artaxerxes it was restored to its ancient dignity, and was invested with judicial authority at the time the Jews, by force of arms, recovered their liberty from Antiochus Epiphanes, B. C. 168; and Jonathan, the high priest, addressing himself to the Spartans, writes in the name of himself and the senate.

When the Hebrew language ceased to be vernacular, and the Greek language took rank above all others, this senate was no longer known by the Hebrew term "*elders of Israel*;" but by *Sanhedrim* (Συνέδριον, *sit together*.) Gabinius, the Roman president of Syria, B. C. 45, instituted four others, independent of this at Jerusalem, viz. at Gadara, Amathus, Jericho and Sephoris, which tended to lessen the authority of the supreme council once more; but, by Julius Cæsar's reinstating Hyrcanus in the sovereignty, it was again restored to its ancient dignity, and maintained its authority

during the time of our Saviour's sojourn upon earth, as may be clearly evinced from the accounts contained in the Gospels and Acts; it having power to judge in cases of life and death, subject, however, to the control of the Roman governor. (*Mat. v. 22. Acts vi. 8, &c.*)

The *Sanhedrim* continued in power even after our Saviour's death; but when dissolved no clue has been obtained; and all who have endeavoured to make the discovery, in the end, are compelled to acknowledge the truth of this saying of Cicero's "*Est ridiculum querere, quæ habere non possumus.*"—To conclude. No one can dispute the election of a senate by Moses, while in the wilderness; and if we examine the books of the Bible subsequent to those of the Pentateuch, it may be clearly seen, that the same senate existed until the time of the Maccabees, and from thence till the time of our Saviour. Some doubt may be entertained, as to its existence in Egypt, but it is not worth while to dispute here. So that the question appears to be simply this:—Was the *Sanhedrim* the *identical* senate, which in former times was known by the term, *Elders of Israel*?

The words *Elders of Israel*, or *Elders of the children of Israel*, in the Old Testament, are translated by the LXX. *Ἐπονοία Ἰσραὴλ*, or *Ἐπονοία τῶν υἱῶν Ἰσραὴλ*. And St. Luke, Acts v. 21, calls the *Sanhedrim* *Ἐπονοίαν τῶν υἱῶν Ἰσραὴλ*, the senate of the children of Israel. Hence it is evident, that *Elders of Israel*, and *Sanhedrim*, are synonymous; yet this advances little towards the identity, inasmuch as the two terms might possibly have been applied, respectively, to two distinct senates. But taking all things into consideration, it pretty evidently appears, that the senate is *identical*; and that those who have supposed it two or three distinct senates, have fallen into the error, by paying more attention to words than to reason. Hence has arisen so much cavil; and the truth of this saying is evident,—*Verbi controversia torquet homines.* J. T.

THE FISHER'S BARK.

AN APOLOGUE.

[The original of the following lines appeared, in a poetic form, in a *Lima Journal* two or three years ago.]

OLD SIMON was a fisher on the lakes of Galilee,
And Simon being very poor, but one small bark
had he;
Yea, tho' he drudg'd and toil'd through life, 'tis
worthy of remark,
He left his sons no other store but this old fishing
bark.

But Simon's sons were stirring lads—they fish'd
with might and main,
And many a lucky haul they had, which brought
them no small gain.

Their father's bark was soon too small, so it they
laid aside,
And in its stead a larger craft they launch'd
upon the tide.

So prosperous was the fishing trade, this bark
was quickly seen
Transform'd into a lofty brig, of threat'ning war-
like mien;
And, last of all, this brig gave place to a nobler
vessel far,
Which rode triumphant on the waves, a mighty
ship of war.

Her colours, scor'd with the "Red Cross,"
stream'd ever wide unfurl'd;
The nations trembled at this ship,—her thunders
shook the world.
The captain held the awful keys, so he his slaves
would tell,
Which op'd or lock'd, ad libitum, the gates of
Heav'n and Hell.

But mark how Time and Chance have chang'd
this mighty ship of yore,—
Shatter'd by storms, subdu'd with age, 'twill
fright the world no more.
Her hull lies rotting on the strand, unfit to brave
the main,
Nor art, nor sleight, of cunning men, can launch
it forth again.

A thousand times she's been repair'd, but now
'tis very clear,
Her owners must perceive the signs, her final
wreck is near.
Soon must they quit her mould'ring deck, their
throne in ages dark,
And risk their fortune once again, in *Simon's*
Fishing Bark. PERCY HENDON.

ODE TO THE TWEED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NAVARIN," &c.

(For the Mirror.)

On thy banks, classic Tweed, still my fancy
shall wander,
Though far from the land of the Thistle and
thee,
And follow thy course to its latest meander,—
The place of my birth, where thou meetest the
sea.

Though the memory of those early friendship
did cherish,
Will fade, and is fading, thou still art the
same;
For, though dear to remembrance, young feel-
ings must perish;
And the friends of our youth will exist but in
name.

But there is a language in thee, sweeping river,
A voice in the woodlands that shadow thy
braes,
A home and a heart by thy side, that shall ever
Be one with existence,—be dear to my lays.

'Midst the day-dreams of boyhood, ere glowing
 Ambition
 Had sung the fond thrillings of beauty and
 love,
 Thy banks were my study,—my only tuition
 The sound of thy waters—the coo of the dove.
 Stream of nativity! can I forget thee,
 When my birth-place's threshold thy waters
 still lave.—
 Forget thee!—when nature omnipotent set thee
 To wash the green sod by my forefather's
 grave.
 Yet, if these were forgot, thou art witness with
 Heaven,
 Of my vow on the breath of thy murmurs con-
 vey'd;
 When, pure as thy fountain, confiding was given,
 To me the fond heart of my favourite maid.
 In this, deep and keenly, my soul's dearest feel-
 ing,
 Now tells me that thou art remembered in-
 deed;
 For, to think of the maid of my heart is reveal-
 ing
 A tale that revisits the banks of the Tweed.

J. M. W.

ALBO.

(For the Mirror.)

The shore is wild, with scarce a trace of man,
 And girt by formidable waves. BYRON.

THE barony of Tyreragh, which com-
 prehends the sea-coast of Sligo, from
 Ballasodare to Ardnaree, presents a series
 of mountain scenery, more sublime and
 picturesque than many landscapes that
 have been celebrated in description, and
 copied by the pencil of art. The country,
 to a spectator at sea, has the appearance
 of a vast amphitheatre shut in on all
 sides by mountains, which exhibit from
 different aspects such a variety of form as
 to alter the effect of the whole at every
 possible point of view. As Ireland is
 remarkable for the mountainous character
 of its soil, so the language has been es-
 teemed peculiarly felicitous in assigning
 a suitable name to each mountain, des-
 criptive of its size, shape, and situation.
 Thus the *Slieve* denotes the highest in a
 chain, steep of ascent on every side, and
 crowned by a level uniform ridge. The
Knock is a mountain unconnected with
 any other, but commanding an extensive
curragh or plain, and distinguished by a
 cone (Hibernicé, *Mesheaven*) on the sum-
 mit. The *Ben* is a vast promontory
 overhanging the sea, and terminating a
 chain; it ends in an abrupt crag, com-
 monly inaccessible to man or beast.
 These terms and many others which de-
 signate the several features of a moun-
 tain landscape, are claimed by corres-
 ponding scenes in the wild highland dis-

trict of Tyreragh; each and all rendered
 more sublime by the waves of the Atlan-
 tic, which war against their foundations.
 Solitary and rude as is the place, it is by
 no means barren of interesting associa-
 tions, suggested by the legend of super-
 stition or the apocryphal chronicle of the
 olden day. Hereabouts, according to
 Ptolemy, was anciently the site of a great
 and opulent city. But this, (like many
 other facts recorded by the early annalists
 of Ireland,) is a triumph of historical
 faith to believe, as the most indefatigable
 antiquarian of modern times might search
 in vain for a vestige of his metropolis.
 Among those mountains the peasant
 point out Golbhean, celebrated by Ossian
 for a combat between two of his heroes,
 about a "milk-white bull."

Innumerable are the fanciful legendary
 narratives relating to the vagaries of the
gentry (fairies,) and each more extrava-
 gant, if possible, than the other. But
 the principal curiosity connected with
 tradition is Albo, situated at the distance
 of about fifteen miles from either town or
 village. The adjacent coast exhibits a
 truly stupendous appearance. Huge cliffs
 many hundred feet above the level of the
 sea, oppose an everlasting barrier to the
 breakers, which roll in with such force as
 to dash their spray to the very head of the
 rock, on the calmest day in summer.
 About a quarter of a mile from the steep-
 est part of the shore, is an extensive field
 which reverberates the sound of a horse's
 hoof, or the slightest noise upon its sur-
 face, with so deep an echo that it is im-
 mediately perceived to be hollow under-
 neath. Near the centre of this field,
 there is a long, abrupt fissure in the sod,
 about three hundred yards in depth, at
 low water, and lying at right angles with
 the sea; this is Albo. The sides of the
 cleft are not more than seven feet asunder;
 but so awful is the spectacle beneath, that
 few have the temerity to behold it, stand-
 ing erect. Whether this tremendous
 ocean glen has been created by an earth-
 quake, or hollowed by the perpetual un-
 dermining of the wave, must be always
 mere matter of conjecture. Any boat at-
 tempting to enter it would be inevitably
 staved by the violence of the breakers, the
 sound of which in time of storm resounds
 through the cavern like a peal of subter-
 ranean artillery. The effect produced by
 a sight of this extraordinary phenomenon
 may be easier imagined than described.
 The seal is descried in fine weather safely
 pursuing his prey into its deepest recesses,
 and the solitary sea-mew hangs her nest
 in security above the giant archway of
 the precipice. To enhance the wonders
 of this anomalous work of nature, the

peasantry have, as usual, had recourse to tradition. They say that on this spot one of the monarchs of Coolavin once owed his life to the sagacious instinct of his horse. It seems that his majesty happening to be out hunting with all his court, a few hundred years ago, came to Albo in the chase without being aware of his danger. The courser, however, when at full speed, suddenly stopped short in his career, on the very edge of the abyas, and thus saved his master's neck, and his own. To accredit this singular feat of involuntary horsemanship, and silence incredulity itself, they actually show the animal's hoof mark still indented in the soil, as a perpetual monument of the royal peril and preservation! Notwithstanding that escape, as such miracles can scarcely be expected now-a-days, the present proprietor has very prudently erected a parapet to prevent a recurrence for the necessity of such providential interpositions in future. So remarkably fertile is all the country in this neighbourhood, where capable of tillage, that it has obtained the appellation of "the granary of Connaught."^{*} P.

* The difficulty of procuring the payment of debts, as well as the exuberance of the soil in Tyreragh, has given occasion for another epithet, not less happy, in denoting both peculiarities. It is called "The Land of Promise."

Ancient Roman Festivals.

APRIL.

THE *Fordicidia* or *Fordicalia*, was a religious feast, held on the 15th of April, and was instituted by Numa, on occasion of a general barrenness among the cattle. A cow big with calf was sacrificed to the goddess, Tellus or the earth. (See Ovid.) April the 19th, or the 13th of the Kalends of May, was the *Cereacia*, or Feast of *Ceres*, in which solemnity the chief actors were women. No person that mourned was allowed to bear a part of this service, and therefore, (says Kennett) it is very remarkable, that upon the defeat at Cannæ, there was such universal grief in the city, that the anniversary feast of *Ceres* was forced to be omitted. They eat nothing at this feast till after sun-set, in memory of *Ceres*, who, in search after her daughter, took no repast but in the evening. April the 21st, or the 11th of the Kalends of May, was the *Palilia*, or Feast of *Pales*, goddess of Shepherds. This is sometimes called *Parilia*, à *pariendo*, because prayers were now offered for the fruitfulness of the sheep. They always contrived to have a great feast at night, and,

when most of them were pretty merry, they concluded all with dancing over the fires they had made in the fields with heaps of stubble. (See Ovid.) The same day was called *Urbis Natalis*, being the day on which the city was built. April the 25th, or the 7th of the Kalends of May, was the Feast of *Robigalia*, in honour of the goddess, *Robigo*, or the god, *Robigus*, who took care to keep off the mildew and blasting from the corn or fruit. Ovid says, they sacrificed the entrails of a dog, and those of a sheep; Columella, only a sucking puppy. April the 27th, or the 5th of the Kalends of May, was the *Floralia*, or Feast of *Flora*, who was the goddess of the spring and flowers, and wife of *Zephyrus*. It is said she was a courtesan, who having gained a large fortune, made the Roman people her heir; but they being ashamed of her profession, made her the goddess of flowers. At this festival the women ran races day and night, and those who gained the prize were crowned with flowers. It is reported that Cato wished once to be present at the celebration of this feast, and that when he saw that the deference for his presence interrupted the feast, he retired, not choosing to be the spectator of the immodesty of the women in a public theatre. This behaviour so delighted the Romans, that the venerable senator was treated with the loudest applause as he retired.

P. T. W.

The Sketch Book.

A VISIT TO NEWSTEAD IN 1828.

IT WAS on the noon of a cold, bleak day in February, that I set out to visit the memorable Abbey of Newstead, once the property and abode of the immortal Byron. The gloomy state of the weather, and the dreary aspect of the surrounding country, produced impressions more appropriate to the view of such a spot than the cheerful season and scenery of summer. With melancholy feelings, then, did I proceed in search of this noble relic of conventual times, over which the departed spirit of the poet has now thrown the mantle of his genius, and cast a halo of fame, which ages will not dissipate. The estate lies on the left-hand side of the high north road, eight miles beyond Nottingham; but, as I approached the place, I looked in vain for some indication of the Abbey. Nothing is seen but a thick plantation of young larch and firs, bordering the road, until you arrive at the *Hut*, a small public-house by the way-

side. Nearly opposite to this is a plain white gate, without lodges, which opens into the park. From the appearance which the Hut makes in Carey's Road-book, one might be led to think it an inn; and being situated so near the entrance to the park, of course a convenient place of accommodation for all visitors to the Abbey. It is, however, only a small pot-house belonging to the estate, and does not afford even one bed. Before the gate stands a fine spreading oak, one of the few remaining trees of Sherwood forest, the famous haunt of Robin Hood and his associates, which once covered all this part of the county, and whose centre was about the domain of Newstead. To this oak, the only one of any size on the estate, Byron was very partial. It is pretty well known that his great uncle (to whom he succeeded) cut down almost all the valuable timber, partly to pay gambling debts, and partly for pure mischief's sake, to injure the property which he knew would pass into another branch of the family, all of whom, in consequence of his having killed Mr. Chaworth, had forsaken him. So that when Byron came into possession of the estate, and indeed the whole time he had it, it presented a very bare and desolate appearance. Unluckily he had not fortune enough to do what has since been done on such an enlarged scale, and with so much taste, by the present owner, Lieut.-Colonel Wildman, and which alone can render the property intrinsically valuable. The soil is very poor, and fit only for the growth of larch and firs; and of these upwards of 700 acres have been planted. Byron could not afford the first outlay which was necessary in order ultimately to increase its worth, so that as long as he held it its rental did not exceed 1,300*l.* a year. From the gate to the Abbey is a mile. The carriage-road runs straight for about 300 yards through the plantations, when it takes a sudden turn to the right; and on returning to the left, a beautiful and extensive view over the valley and distant hills is opened, with the turrets of the Abbey rising among the dark trees beneath. The effect at this spot is admirably managed, and fully compensates for all the disappointment at not seeing it sooner. To the right of the Abbey is perceived a tower on a hill, in the midst of a grove of firs. From this part the road winds gently to the left, till it reaches the Abbey. About half a mile from the high road is another gate, with a wall running east and west. Here the plantation ceases, and the trees, from this forward, are arranged in small circular patches here and there, as if to cover the naked-

ness of the land. The Abbey is approached on the north side: it lies in a valley, very low, sheltered to the north and west by rising ground; and to the south, which is now to be considered the front, enjoying a fine prospect over an undulating vale. It can only be called open, properly, to the south-west, as the land on all the other sides is more or less elevated. A more secluded spot could hardly have been chosen for the pious purposes to which it was devoted. To the north and east is a garden walled in; and to the west the upper lake, into which Byron's uncle one day threw his wife; and on the borders of which are seen the baby forts mentioned by Horace Walpole in one of his letters describing a visit to Newstead. It was here that Byron amused himself with his boat and his dogs, the qualities of one of which he has immortalized in his verses. Of the external appearance of the building a much better idea may, of course, be formed from a glance at a drawing than from pages of description. On the west side the mansion is without any enclosure or garden-drive, and can therefore be approached by any person passing through the park. In this open space is the ancient fountain or cistern of the convent, covered with grotesque carvings, and having water still running into a basin. The old church window, which, in an architectural point of view, is most deserving of observation, is nearly entire, and adjoins the north-west corner of the Abbey. About the mysterious sound produced at certain times by the wind on this arch, (as mentioned in the thirteenth canto of *Don Juan*, the whole of which description relates to Newstead,) I could obtain no information. Through the iron gate which opens into the gardens under the arch is seen the dog's tomb; it is on the north side, upon a raised ground, and surrounded by steps. The verses inscribed on one side of the pedestal are well known, being published with his poems; but the lines preceding them are not so—they run thus:—

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
Who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead, November 18th, 1808.

The whole edifice is a quadrangle, enclosing a court, with a reservoir and *jet-d'eau* in the middle, and the cloister still entire, running round the four sides. At

this time the ground was covered with deep snow. The south, now, as I have said, the principal front, looks over a pleasure-garden to a small lake, which has been opened from the upper one since Byron's time. There were before two lakes, one on the west, which is the principal, and another supplied by a stream from it, at a considerable distance lower down to the south-east. The entrance-door is on the west, in a small vestibule, and has nothing remarkable in it. On entering, I came into a large stone hall, and turning to the left, went through it to a smaller, beyond which is the staircase. The whole of this part has been almost entirely rebuilt by Colonel Wildman; indeed, during Byron's occupation, the only habitable rooms were some small ones in the south-east angle. Over the cloister, on the four sides of the building, runs the gallery, from which doors open into various apartments, now fitted up with taste and elegance for the accommodation of a family, but then empty, and fast going to decay. In one of the galleries hang two oil paintings of dogs, as large as life; one a red wolf-dog, and the other a black Newfoundland with white legs—the celebrated Boatswain. These are the dogs that used to drag him out of the lake, into which he would purposely fall to try their fidelity. They both died at Newstead. Of the latter, Byron felt the loss as of a dear friend. These are almost the only paintings of Byron's that remain at the Abbey. From the gallery I entered the refectory, now the grand drawing-room—an apartment of great dimensions, facing south, with a fine vaulted roof and polished oak floor, and splendidly furnished in the modern style. The walls are covered with full-length portraits of the old school. As this room has been made fit for use entirely since the days of Byron, there are not those associations connected with it which are to be found in many of the other, though of inferior appearance. Two objects there are, however, which demand observation. The first that caught my attention was the portrait of Byron, by Phillips, over the fire-place, upon which I gazed with strong feelings; it is certainly the handsomest and most pleasing likeness of him I have seen. The other is a thing about which every body has heard, and of which few have any just idea. In a cabinet at the end of the room, carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding-case, is kept the celebrated skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses:—

"Start not—nor deem my spirit fled," &c.

People often suppose, from the name,

that the cup retains all the terrific appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

"Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit."

Not at all—there is nothing whatever startling in it—nothing can be cleaner and less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might (in my opinion) drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner when Byron had company at the Abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far from Newstead for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally well paid for the trouble, so alarmed the reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house. An elegant round library-table is the only article of furniture in this room that belonged to Byron, and this he constantly used. It may here be observed as a matter of course, and a thing applicable to the other rooms as well as to this, that the windows of the Abbey originally looked into the cloister or quadrangle, and that the present ones are of modern date. With this exception, and not taking into consideration the destruction of the church and other buildings belonging to the Abbey, it does not appear that the structure has undergone material changes in its external form or internal arrangement. Beyond the refectory, on the same floor, is Byron's study, now used as a temporary dining-room, the entire furniture of which is the same that was used by him—it is all very plain—indeed ordinary. A good painting of a battle, over the sideboard, was also his. This apartment, perhaps beyond all others, deserves the attention of the pilgrim to Newstead, as more intimately connected with the poetical existence of Byron. It was here that he prepared for the press those first effusions of his genius, which were published at Newark under the title of *Hours of Idle-*

ness. It was here that he meditated, planned, and for the most part wrote, that splendid retort to the severe critique they had called down, which placed him at once among the first poets, and stamped him as the keenest satirist of the day. And it was here that his tender and beautiful verses to Mary Chaworth, (afterwards and now Mrs. Musters,) and many of those sweet pieces found among his miscellaneous poems, were composed. Then a place of deep and abstracted thought—now of merriment and rejoicing: but the memory of Byron flings over it a charm which attracts more strongly than the most sumptuous banquet. From the study I passed through several other rooms, fitted in the modern style as sitting and bed-rooms for the use of a family of rank; all extremely neat and tasteful, and kept in beautiful order; but having been in his time totally uninhabitable, in no way remarkable as concerns the noble poet. His bed-room is small, and still remains in the same state as when he occupied it. It contains little worthy of notice besides the bed, which is of common size, with gilt posts, surmounted by coronets. Over the fire-place is a picture of Murray, the old family servant, (now dead,) who accompanied Byron to Gibraltar when he first went abroad. A picture of Henry VIII., and another portrait in this room, complete the enumeration of all the furniture or paintings of Byron's remaining at the Abbey. In some of the rooms are very curiously carved mantelpieces with grotesque figures, evidently of old date. In a corner of one of the galleries there still remained the fencing foils, gloves, masks, and single-sticks he used in his youth. A certain honourable M.P., who was once as able a combatant in blows as he has since proved in words, might perchance recognise these implements of war, having received from them raps as severe, perhaps, as any he has had within the walls of St. Stephen's. In a corner of the cloister lies a stone coffin, (which may also be remembered by another gentleman, Mr. S—D—,) taken from the burial-ground of the Abbey. The ground floor contains some spacious halls, and divers apartments for domestic offices—many in a state unfit for occupation, and filled with repairing materials. There is a neat little private chapel in the cloister, where service is performed on Sundays. Byron's sole recreation here was his boat and dogs, and boxing and fencing for exercise, and to prevent a tendency to obesity—which he dreaded. His constant employment was writing, for which he used to sit up as late as two or three o'clock in the morn-

ing. His life here was an entire seclusion, devoted to poetry.

The present servants' hall was then the dining-room: it is a large, cold place, paved with stone, but was one of the few rooms impervious to the weather. Byron first sold the estate to Mr. Claughton, for the sum, as I am informed by the then bailiff to it, of 135,000*l.*; and upon the agreement not being completed, Mr. C. paid forfeit of 25,000*l.*; but I do not vouch for the accuracy of this statement. It was then sold to Lieut.-Colonel Wildman for 95,000*l.*—much more than its intrinsic value. Notwithstanding all that has been done, a large sum of money would be required to complete the repairs. During the last five years of Byron's minority, the Abbey was tenanted by Lord De Ruthven for 100*l.* a year, for the purpose of sporting. Besides the principal entrance from the high road, the Abbey may be approached by a bridle road through the park from Papplewick, the nearest village to it; and from Annesley, a village two miles to the west. For a pretty landscape the way by Papplewick is best; but for effect, that by Annesley is decidedly to be preferred. By the former you pass through a newly-planted avenue to the Abbey, having on the left the lower and middle lakes, and see the turrets long before you arrive. Whereas coming from Annesley, nothing is seen till you are at the top of a hill close to the Abbey, when the south front of it bursts suddenly on the sight, frowning in gloomy grandeur from below. It was from this quarter that I first saw it; and, putting aside all association of ideas, I thought a more mournful, dreary-looking place was never beheld. In winter especially nothing can be more desolate; the bleak country around, the thinness of the population, and the miserable villages,—all impress one with feelings of melancholy. For an abbey, this is so much the better: it would require but little to put it into a state which would realize all our ideas of monastic seclusion.

Literary Gazette.

Arcana of Science.

Transplanting Trees.

If the branches of the subject pitched upon be in an unfavourable state, this evil may be counteracted by a top-dressing of marl and compost, mixed with four times the quantity of tolerable soil, spread around the stem of the tree, at four feet distance. This mode Sir Henry Stuart recommends as superior to that of dis-

turbing the roots, as practised in gardens for the same purpose of encouraging the growth of fruit-trees; and assures us, that the increase, both of the branches and roots, will be much forwarded, and that the tree will be fit for removal in the third year.—*Quar. Rev.*

Process of Removing and Replanting Trees, as practised by Sir Henry Stewart, at Allanton, in Lancaster.

The tree is loosened in the ground by a set of labourers, named pickmen, who, with instruments made for the purpose, first ascertain with accuracy how far the roots of the subject extend. This is easily known when the subject has been cut round, as the trench marks the line where the roots have been amputated. If the tree has not sustained this previous operation, the extent of the roots will be found to correspond with that of the branches. The pickers then proceed to bare the roots from the earth with the utmost attention not to injure them in the operation. It is to the preservation of these fibres that the transplanter is to owe the best token of his success, namely, the feeding the branches of the tree with sap even to their very extremities. The roots are then extricated from the soil. A mass of earth is left to form a ball close to the stem itself, and it is recommended to suffer two or three feet of the original sward to adhere to it. The machine is next brought up to the stem of the tree with great caution. This engine is of three sizes, that being used which is best adapted to the size of the trees, and is drawn by one, or, at most, two horses. It consists of a strong pole, mounted upon two high wheels. It is run up to the tree, and the pole, strongly secured to the tree while both are in a perpendicular posture, is brought down to a horizontal position, and in descending in obedience to the purchase operates as a lever, which, aided by the exertions of the pickmen, rends the tree out of the soil. The tree is so laid on the machine as to balance the roots against the branches, and it is wonderful how slight an effort is necessary to pull the engine when this equilibrium is preserved. To keep the balance just, one man, or two, are placed aloft among the branches of the tree, where they shift their places, like a sort of movable ballast, until the just distribution of weight is ascertained. The roots, as well as the branches, are tied up during the transportation of the tree, it being of the last consequence that neither should be torn nor defaced by dragging on the ground or interfering with the wheels. The mass, when put in motion, is manœuvred something like

a piece of artillery, by a steersman at the further end. It requires a certain nicety of steerage, and the whole process has its risks.

The pit for receiving the transplanted tree, which ought to have been prepared at least a twelvemonth before, is now opened for its reception, the earth being thrown out for such a depth as will suit its size; with this caution, that the tree be set in the earth as shallow as possible, but always so as to allow room for the dipping of the vertical roots on the one hand, and sufficient cover at top on the other. This is preferred, even though it should be found necessary to add a cartload or two of earth to the mound afterwards.

It is well known that in all stormy and uncertain climates every species of tree shows what is called a weather side, that is, its branches shoot more freely to that side which is leeward during the prevailing wind than in the opposite direction. Sir Henry Stewart recommends strongly that the position of the tree be reversed, so that the lee side, where the branches are elongated, shall be pointed towards the prevailing wind, and what was formerly the weather-side, being now turned to leeward, shall be encouraged, by its new position, to shoot out in such a manner as to restore the balance and symmetry of the top.

A second and most important deviation from the common course of transportation is, the total disuse of the barbarous practice of pollarding or otherwise mutilating and dismembering the trees which are to be transplanted.

Sir Henry recommends watering as one of the principal points respecting the subsequent treatment of the transplanted tree. When the trees stand snugly, or in loose and open disposition, he recommends that the earth around them shall be finally beat down by a machine resembling that of a pavior, but heavier, about the month of April or May, when the natural consolidation shall have, in a great measure, taken place. To exclude the drought, he then recommends that the ground immediately under the stem of the oak, birch, and other trees which demand most attention, shall be covered with a substance called *shews*, being the refuse of a flax-mill, which of course serves to exclude the drought, like the process which the gardeners call mulching. Lastly, in the case of such transplanted trees as do not seem disposed to thrive equal to the others, we are instructed to lay around the stem four cartloads of earth, with a cartload of coal-ashes carefully sifted: this composition

is spread round the trees, in a proportion of nine inches depth, around the stem or centre, and five inches at the extremity of the roots.—*Ibid.*

Metallic Caissons.

Mr. E. B. Deeble has obtained a patent for what he terms *metallic caissons*, applicable to the construction of piers, harbours, breakwaters, locks, quays, light-houses, &c. Caissons, it should be observed, are hollow boxes, open generally both at the bottom and top, the thickness of the sides proportioned to the strength and gravity required, and the mode of uniting being by dove-tail. Mr. Deeble, therefore, asserts, that the adoption of these caissons of metal instead of granite, would, in some cases, be a saving of 50 per cent., and accordingly his invention is specially entitled to the attention of commercial bodies.

Every one who is aware of the effects of the sea in frittering away various parts of our coast, will readily allow this plan of *metallic building* to be of importance. We build bridges, piers, &c. of cast-iron, whilst we neglect to protect our coasts from the devastating effects of the elements. The finished part of the New London Bridge is so stupendous as rather to resemble the labour of Titans than puny architects; but this specimen of stability is almost solitary in recent building, such as plaster palaces, &c. Mr. Deeble has published a plan for the introduction of his caissons, with a view of a proposed new harbour at Dover. This is much wanted, although we do not suffer in comparison with the opposite coast; the French having lately repaired or reconstructed the wooden pier at Calais on the original plan.

Steel.

A discovery has, it is stated, been made in the arts in Paris, which promises to be of the highest importance. An English gentleman has succeeded in making the best sheer steel from Mr. Crawshaw's common No. 2. iron. He asserts that by his process he is able to convert the very worst iron of any country into sheer steel. If this result be obtained from iron of an inferior quality, it may be expected that from the best iron a still superior quality of steel may be obtained, so as shortly to supersede the necessity of applying to Sweden for iron. A knife of this steel is described as of a temper to cut iron like wood, and a file to be superior to all preceding manufactures. It appears that by the new process the steel acquires a greater degree of hardness than by the former methods, while it is also much tougher, therefore

highly valuable for mining operations. The gentleman is coming to England to communicate his discovery, which ought to be made generally public.

Cure for Stammering.

Those (a correspondent assures us) who suffer under the distressing affliction of an impediment in their speech, may be effectually cured—where there is no malformation of the organs of articulation—by *perseverance* for three or four months in the simple remedy of *reading aloud with the teeth closed*, for at least two hours in the course of each day. The recommender of this simple process adds—"I can speak with certainty of the utility of the remedy."—*Lit. Gaz.*

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following excellent *recipes* are not universally known:—

Infallible Cure for the Asthma.

Take three quarters of an ounce of senna, half an ounce of flour of sulphur, two drams of ginger, and half a dram of saffron; then mix them with four ounces of honey. Use the quantity of a nutmeg night and morning, and a *speedy cure will be the result.*

Recipe for a Consumption.

Procure of Madeira wine, two quarts; balsams of Gilead and Tolu, each two ounces; gum olibanum in tears (grossly powdered), two ounces; and flowers of Benjamin, half an ounce. Let the mixture stand near the fire for three or four days, frequently shaking the vessel which contains it; then add to it four ounces of Narbonne honey, and eight ounces of the extract of Canadian maiden hair. Shake the bottle well, and strain off the liquor. Two spoonfuls of this mixture are to be taken every four hours, in water sweetened with capillaire.

Cure for the Jaundice.

Cut a ripe lemon in two parts and take out the seeds; procure as much turmeric as will lay on the end of a knife, with about five grains of saffron; put them all in the place of the seeds; then stick some cloves in, and tie the two halves of the lemon together: wrap it in a sheet of paper, and roast it for one hour in pot-ashes. Take off the paper, and steep the lemon in a gill of white wine; afterwards cover it closely, and let it stand all night: in the morning, squeeze the lemon into the wine and strain it off. It must all be drunk off before eating.—This mixture,

twice or thrice repeated, is quite sufficient for a cure.

G. W. N.

SIR,—The following are translated from a French work, entitled "*Secrets concernant Les Arts et Métiers*:"—

Water which Takes out Stains or Spots upon Silk, without Injuring their Colour.

Take five parts of common water, and six parts of alum well pounded; boil the mixture a short time; after which pour it into a vessel to cool. Previous to using, the mixture must be made warm; then wash the stained part with it and leave to dry.

Grease Spots upon Silk.

Take some ether and wash the soiled part, when the grease will disappear.

Stains of Oil upon Satin, Stuff, or Paper.

If the stain be not too old, take the burnt ashes of sheep's bones, and put them warm upon, and under, the part stained; place thereupon a weight, and let it remain so for one night. If the stain be not thoroughly effaced, repeat the operation till it disappears.—It is necessary to remark, that this powder, if the weight be left upon the part too long, will efface the printed characters upon paper.

To clean Bottles infected with bad Smells.

Put into bottles, so affected, some pieces of grey or brown paper; fill them with water; shake the bottles strongly; leave them then a day or two in this state, when, finding them more or less affected, repeat the process, and afterwards rinse them with pure water.

To destroy Caterpillars.

Calcine the branches of the vine tree; put the ashes to soak for three or four days into water, and with this water the plants infected with them.

To make the Oil in Lamps last longer, and to Remove the thick Smoke which is so disagreeable and hurtful to the Lungs.

Dissolve, in a glass of water, as much salt as will fully saturate the water, and steep in it the wick, which must be afterwards dried: pour into this water an equal quantity of oil, and then put them into a bottle and well shake them, in order to mix them together: trim your lamp with this mixture and the prepared wick.—The linseed oil is the principal oil which has been used in this experiment, but other oils, it is said, will answer the same purpose.

S. S. T.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

JOHN BULL.

THE unsophisticated John Bull, like many others, is never satisfied with the present, he always looks back to "the good old times." He talks to you of nothing but histories of Alfred, and of Magna Charta, of the restitution of violated rights, in short, of all that relates to his country, *as it was*. Nevertheless, he is very well pleased to be told that his country has reached a pitch of greatness and power which his good forefathers could not even have dreamt of; and the name of Waterloo, modern as it is, always excites a little complacent smile. In his *home*, and in all that depends upon him, his habits are his sublimary divinities. Woe to his wife if she set before him a dinner without a pudding, a "joint," (probably roast beef,) and some home-brewed ale. Port wine is his sacred beverage; he regards all who do not like it as a species of infidels. He would give all the sofas and ottomans in the world for his old chair by the fire-side; nor would he give up his accustomed seat at the tavern or the public-house for all the *salons* or theatres in Europe. His coat must be in the fashion he has worn it all his life, and always of English cloth; he thinks it infamous to buy French manufactures. He would not wear fashionable pantaloons or boots for all the world; nor would he give his old walking-stick for bamboos, black rods, or batons. He always drinks out of a pewter pot—*sicut volvere priores*—to drink out of a glass is a bad habit. He is a great lover of the gothic, and would give up the most delightful situation and the best contrived plan, for the sake of restoring an old house and building in the gothic style. He thinks himself prodigiously cunning, and he is very distrustful; but he is easily duped by any body who will talk his language, adopt his habits and his prejudices. He always thinks he is right, and he is often wrong; but to convince him of this is not an easy task. He is always abusing the government, England, and the English; but, on emergency, he would give all he is worth in the world for the glory of the government, England, and the English. He is irascible and violent, but rarely vindictive. He goes to church, and d—s all who do not; but he is neither superstitious, nor, *au fond*, intolerant, and is very far indeed from being the humble servant of the parson;

on the contrary, he regularly quarrels with him about tithes, &c. &c. Though very punctual in his engagements, he never chooses to pay without a dispute, to show that he will not be cheated. He is a tory from habit, a whig from inclination, an aristocrat from vanity, a democrat from principle. He is, I think, rather avaricious from temper, and generous from pride. He cordially detests all foreign manners, and often foreigners; he never approaches them but from curiosity—as a *sight*. Every thing French he regards with sovereign contempt; and unfortunately his “d—d French” includes all the continent of Europe; he regards them all as fiddlers and dancers.—*Beltrami's Pilgrimage in Europe and America.*

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE AND CROMWELL.

THE First Consul could not set up pretensions to be a perfect equestrian, though on horseback he was daring to impudence. Nor could it be said of him, according to the poet, that he “excelled in guiding a chariot to the goal.” One day he was resolved to display his skill in the park at St. Cloud, by driving a calash four-in-hand, in which were Madame Bonaparte, her daughter, Madame Duroc, Joseph Bonaparte, and the Consul Cambacères. At the gate which separates the garden from the park, he struck against a post, lost his balance, and was thrown off to a considerable distance. He strove to rise, fell down again, and lost his recollection. The horses in the mean time, which had run away with the carriage, were stopped, and the ladies were lifted out almost ready to faint. With some difficulty the First Consul came to himself, and continued the ride, but inside the carriage. He had received a slight contusion on the chin, and the right wrist had been a little hurt. On returning home he said, “I believe every one ought to keep to his own profession.” He had Laplace, Monge, and Berthollet to dine with him. He conversed with them the whole evening, as if nothing had happened. Nevertheless, he owned that he never thought himself so near death as at this moment. Madame Bonaparte continued extremely ill, and said in the course of the evening, “At the instant of his fall, Bonaparte had his eyes turned inward, and I thought he was dead. He has promised never to run the same risk again. He has often been blamed for his extreme carelessness on horseback; he frightens every one who accompanies him. Corvisart has been called in; he did not think it necessary

to let blood. The First Consul wishes that this accident should not be talked of.”

A like accident is related to have happened to Oliver Cromwell. He had received, as a present from a German prince, a set of six horses, remarkable for their beauty and swiftness. Having gone with his secretary, Thurloe, to take a ride in Hyde Park, in a light carriage drawn by these horses, he took it into his head to drive them himself, not thinking it would be more difficult to manage half-a-dozen horses than to govern three kingdoms. But the horses, spirited and untractable under the hand of their new driver, grew restive and ran away with the carriage, which was soon overturned. In his fall a pistol which Cromwell had about him went off, without wounding him. The Protector was taken up, stunned and bruised with his fall, but less hurt than Thurloe. If this is any thing more than a mere casual coincidence, it might seem as if usurpers, or those who have seized the reins of government into their own hands, have an ambition to be charioteers, where there is a sense of power, and of difficulty and dexterity in directing it.

Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.

Fine Arts.

M. LE THIÈRE'S PICTURE.—THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

THIS is the second exhibition of French painting within the present season; and both are calculated to its advancement in the estimation of the British public.

The subject of our present notice is a grand picture representing the *Death of Virginia*, perhaps the most interesting incidents in the whole range of Roman history, and dramatically illustrated through the medium of Mr. Knowles's “*Virginius*,” one of the most successful efforts of recent tragedy. The artist of the picture is M. le Thière, who, it will be recollected, exhibited about twelve years since, a picture entitled *The Judgment of Brutus*, the favourable reception of which in England, is gratefully acknowledged by the artist in the preface to the description of the present painting. Both pictures are of similar dimensions, occupying the whole of one end of the large apartment termed the Roman Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The historical event of the *Death of Virginia* is well known to our readers. M. le Thière has represented the scene as taking place in the Forum of Rome, with the Temple of Venus Cloacina, and the Tarpeian rock, and a Temple dedicated to Jupiter—in the back ground. In the

middle of the picture is the Tribune, *surmounted*, (not "surrounded," as in the description,) with the emblem of the wolf suckling Romulus and Remus.

"Appius Claudius has just risen, and is standing on his tribunal, contemplating Virginia, whom her father, Virginius, has just stabbed to the heart, to prevent her falling a prey to the lust of the Decemvir. She is supported by her lover Icilius; her nurse, on her knees beside her, eagerly seeks to reanimate the already extinct life of her devoted mistress. On the right of Icilius, is Numitorius, maternal uncle to Virginia; they both threaten the Decemvir."

"Virginius infuriated, shows him with one hand the bloody knife, which he had hastily snatched from the stall of the butcher to perpetrate the deed, whilst with the other, he points to his beloved victim, crying out—'By this blood, I vow thy head to the infernal Gods.'"

"At the foot of the Tribunal, are a secretary, whose hand rests on some writings, and Claudius, the client and agent of Appius, who is affrighted at the sight of the fatal knife. On the steps of the Tribunal, the Lictors are fighting with the people, who break the *fasces*. On the left of the fore-ground, an old man exhibits strong marks of grief and horror; a young woman is restraining her husband, whose passion is venting itself in unmeasured threats. A mother presses to her side, in conscious security, her young daughter. The people scuffle with the Lictors in various directions. The Decemvir Spurius Oppius standing by Appius, is agitated by fear. On the steps of the Tribunal, to the left, Fabius endeavours to appease the tumult, and beckons to the Lictors with his hand."

Such is the outline of this splendid picture. Its most prominent merit is the great judgment with which the masses are broken, and the various effects of light and shade distributed throughout the grouping. Of the figures, the first in merit is that of the infuriated Virginius, which is indeed a spirited representation of the "noble Roman," with a bold display of muscular and finely formed limbs, and an attitude conceived and executed in the highest style of art. The consternation of the defeated Appius—his rage and horror—are forcibly drawn; and the threatening aspects of Icilius, the lover, and Numitorius the uncle, are of equal merit. The figure of Virginia is, however, considered the least successful in the whole painting: this is unfortunate, because the eye first turns on the dying maiden; and the effect is different from that which the reader of history would

expect. It does not realize Goldsmith's "exquisite beauty," and age of fifteen, nor successfully portray "all the innocence of virgin modesty." The terror of Claudius, the agent of Appius; and his horror at the sight of the fatal knife, and the grief of the old man in the foreground—are among the successful points of this portion, although the hands of the latter, and that of the secretary next him, have somewhat of extravagance. The tumult of the populace, and their conflict with the Lictors are skillfully represented; and the apathy of the butcher, (from whose stall Virginius snatched the knife) who coolly looks on from his stall, would alone prove the artist a most successful delineator of human character. The aspect of the Decemvir, standing by Appius is equally fortunate in expression; as is also the anxiety of the nurse and female friends of Virginia.

M. le Thiere's picture, both for extent and spirited execution, amply deserves the epithet of "Grand," which has been prefixed to it; for it is difficult to describe the effect with which its magnificence impresses the spectator. A casual glance will interest the visitor, while the details will afford the highest gratification to the more studious admirer of art.

We ought to add that the saloon or gallery, in which this picture is exhibited, is fitted up in a style which is worthy of imitation in the apartments of more extensive establishments appropriated to the exhibition of works of art.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE.

A FEW days since the King sent for Mr. Haydon's "*Mock Election*," which was accordingly conveyed from the Egyptian Hall to St. James's Palace; and we are happy to state that His Majesty has, with characteristic munificence, become the purchaser of this picture, for the sum of five hundred guineas.

Our readers will recollect that the 304th number of the MIRROR contained a spirited sketch of this attractive Painting.

The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."
SHAKESPEARE.

LUCKY FROLIC.

WHEN Lord Chief Justice Holt presided in the Court of King's Bench, a poor, decrepit old creature was brought before him, charged as a criminal, on whom the full severity of the law ought to be visited with exemplary effect. The charges were opened. "What is her crime?" asked his lordship. "Witchcraft."—"How is it proved?"—"She

has a powerful spell."—"Let me see it."
—The spell was handed to the bench; it appeared a small ball of variously coloured rags of silk, bound with threads of as many different hues; these were unwound and unfolded, until there appeared a scrap of parchment, on which were written certain characters now nearly illegible from much use. "Is this the spell?"—The prosecutors answered it was. The judge after looking at this patent charm a few moments, addressed himself to the terrified prisoner. "Prisoner, how came you by this?"—"A young gentleman, my lord, gave it to me, to cure my child's ague."—"How long since?"—"Thirty years, my lord."—"And, did it cure her?"—"Oh yes, and many others."—"I am glad of it." The judge paused a few moments, and then addressed himself to the jury. "Gentlemen of the jury, thirty years ago, I and some companions, as thoughtless as myself, went to this woman's dwelling, then a public house, and after enjoying ourselves, found we had no means to discharge the reckoning. I had recourse to a stratagem. Observing a child ill of an ague, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see on a scrap of parchment, and was discharged of the demand on me by the gratitude of the poor woman before us, for the supposed benefit."

FLOURISHING TRADE.

A GENTLEMAN being asked what business he intended to bring up his son to? answered, "If I thought the rage for gigs, whiskies, tandems, &c. would continue, I should bring him up to the profession of a surgeon."

CHEAP CURSES.

THE Puritans were more severe in the punishment of swearing than cursing; for when an Irishman was fined twelve pence for an oath, he asked what he should pay for a curse? They said sixpence. He threw down sixpence, and cursed the whole committee.

WINE AND PHYSIC.

A GENTLEMAN, who was affected with a constant rheum in his eyes, waited on his physician for advice. The doctor desired him to leave off drinking wine. In a few weeks the gentleman experienced the good effect of the prescription, and thought he could do no less than call on the doctor to return him thanks. He was not a little surprised to find him in a tavern, and very merry over a bottle of wine with a friend, notwithstanding his eyes were affected with the same disease

he had just removed. "Well," said the gentleman, "I see you doctors don't follow your own prescriptions." The son of Æsculapius knew in an instant what he meant, and made this observation:—"If you love your eyes better than wine, don't drink it; but as I love wine better than my eyes, I do drink it."

TO A LADY

Who threatened to make the author an April fool.

WHY strive, dear girl, to make a fool

Of one not wise before,

Yet having escaped from folly's school,

Would fain go there no more.

Ah! if I must to school again,

Wilt thou my teacher be?

I'm sure no lesson will be vain

Which thou can'st give to me.

One of thy kind and gentle looks,

Thy smiles devoid of art,

Avail beyond all crabbed books,

To regulate my heart.

Thou need'st not call some fairy elf

On any April day,

To make thy bard forget himself,

Or wander from his way.

One thing he never can forget,

Whatever change may be,

The sacred hour when first he met

And fondly gazed on thee.

A seed then fell into his breast,

Thy spirit placed it there,

Need I, my Julia, tell the rest?

Thou sees't the blossoms here.

We are sorry the paper to which these lines are appended, did not reach us in time for our "April" Notices.

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

THERE are those to whom some of religion has come in storm and tempest, and there are those whom it has summoned amid scenes of revelry and idle vanity: there are those who have heard its "still small voice," amidst rural leisure and placid contentment. But perhaps the knowledge which causeth not to err is most frequently impressed upon the mind during seasons of affliction; and tears are the softening showers which cause the seed of heaven to spring and take root in the human heart.

WALTER SCOTT.

A PAIR OF PLAGUES.

BETWEEN love and gout, Sir,

What miseries men find,

For gout makes them lame, Sir,

And love makes them blind.

Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), London; and ERNEST FLEISCHER, 65, New Market, Leipzig, and sold by all Newsmen and Bookellers.